

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1884.

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

NUMBER 28.

POETRY.

Estranged.

In song alone, I'll speak to thee;
Perhaps you'll know not it is me.
You'll think another sings the song
To one who has done her a wrong—
You'll praise her for her loyal heart,
And wish I were her counterpart.

Pride stands between us stern and cold,
And shows a calm exterior bold,
Yet not one year—not two—not three
Can bring forgetfulness of thee,
Nor yet am I forgotten, quite—
Not even on this far-distant night.

Though many moons have faded and waned
Since last we met—and nought explained,
Love shoots a shaft that stays for aye—
Knows no removal, nor decay,
And when the last great day shall come,
'Twill point up to our future home.

In song alone, then, let me show,
The o'er fond heart you used to know,
And let each note so tender sung,
Tell more than any word or tongue.

Know in each tender melody
Lark hidden thoughts of yesterday—
That yesterday when you and I
Were happiest mortals 'neath the sky.

And Oh! may not some answering strain
Come back to kindle hope again?
And may not Song the angel be
That re-unites us happily?

18-84.

STORY TELLER.

The Log Hut of Clapham.

Of all the suburbs south of the Thames, Clapham has the appearance of the most homogeneous prosperity. Its ways are broad and open, its houses substantial and well kept. An air of comfortable competence is to be found in its quietest nooks, while the splendor of city riches shines on its more conspicuous squares and roads and terraces. The Common is its glory, the crown of its affluence. To live on Clapham Common means an obliging banker, efficient servants, gallant horses, and no more personal knowledge of bankruptcy than a Kafir has of aesthetics. Of all the houses on Clapham Common the most spacious is the Log Hut. It stands with four fair walls against the four lights of heaven. The exterior aspect is large and free; responsible without sordidness; liberal without prodigality.

The interior more than confirms the outward promise. In summer it is full of subdued light; and open to the wandering perfumes of the gardens beyond. It is still without being hushed. The silence seems always either brooding over music fled or awaiting melody. Sounds which abroad strike harshly upon the ear come mingling with a murmur of leaves, and are no more than the stray, full-bodied notes of an incomplete tune.

In Winter huge fires blaze for welcome. The silver shires, the pictures gleam, the drapery grows mellow, the carpets catch the warmth, the ceiling throws down the glow of the ruddy light. Soft chairs and couches woo the stranger to repose, and inopportune him to delay.

The master of this house, Mr. William Bayliss, had just reached that period of life when, fortune having favored him, and he being untroubled by any later growth of ambition, he was little disposed for new enterprise, and made up his mind to live what might be yet given to him of life in all the peacefulness of moderate use. He was sixty years of age.

Mr. Bayliss was a man of rather more than the middle height. His figure was but slightly stouter than forty years ago. He had large, kindly blue eyes, a broad, uncrinkled forehead, and, save where a fringe of gray hair ran round the lower part of his head, he was quite bald. He did not wear whiskers, beard, or mustache. In youth he had been good looking. In age he had a singularly gracious, benevolent face.

Mrs. Bayliss, five years his junior, and married to him thirty years, reflected many of the leading characteristics of his expression. She had been his wife all that time. She believed there was no better man than he in all the world.

To this good couple one daughter had been born. Kate was her name. And now this day, in the middle of leafy June, Kate was to be married. She was to marry Edward Mayne, the choice of her own heart, the only sweetheart of her girlhood, and the suitor who had won the love and respect of her father and mother.

Kate was twenty-two, tall and lithe, had dark eyes and a round red cheek, and red lips and dark-brown hair, with here and there flaxen of lighter brown that made rich gold of the sunlight. She smiled oftener than laughed, but when she did laugh there was

such a tone of exquisite enjoyment that people paused to listen as we hush our rude voices when unawares we are startled by the lark.

Edward Mayne was a jovial, light-hearted fellow; tall, cool, flat chested, lightly built, and lithe, with animal spirits enough for a parish, good heart enough for a county, and as much good sense as you would like to see in any fine, handsome, dashing young fellow of seven-and-twenty. Altho' he had not been up to this at all blameless, he was, every one said who knew him well, the best kind of raw material from which the best kind of Englishman is made.

When all the oratorical formalities of the breakfast had been complied with, and yet an hour was to spare before the bride and bridegroom set out upon their honeymoon, the master of the house rose and said:

"There is just time before the young people leave us for a little story, which has been a blameless secret between my wife and me for many a year. Some of you are old friends, yet I think the memory of none of you reaches back to the circumstance which caused me to call this house the Log Hut.

"It has been my good fortune—good fortune for which I am ever grateful to heaven—that having begun life with a modest education and no fortune, I have arrived toward the close of my years, at a position of comfort, nay, moderate affluence.

"I began life in the city of London in the office of a large timber firm. At sixteen I entered the office, and, until I was close upon twenty, was occupied in the ordinary routine of the counting-house. I never cared much for desk-work, and I was glad of the opportunity of leaving my desk and taking a position in our great timber-yard. Here was a life of physical activity, in which I found a scope for judgment; at the office I had done merely mechanical work.

"Marston & Co. bought and sold wood of all kinds—Swedish, North American, West Indian, British African. I quickly became master of my business. I liked it, and liking in business is more than half the battle. I need not go into technical detail: it will be enough if I say that when I reached five-and-twenty years of age I was one of the best judges of logs in London. To those who know nothing of the business it may seem that little or no skill is required in selecting timber. But when we come to consider the wide difference of prices of fancy wood of the same kind the value of an expert will appear."

"At this time I had a salary which will appear, while sufficient to keep a bachelor in a homely way, was altogether inadequate to the support of a wife and family. But—here he leaned with a pleasant, gentle courtesy toward his wife—"I had made up my mind who my wife should be if ever I married. Out of my small salary I was able to lay by a little money. We used to call this her dowry"—here he bowed again in the direction of his wife—"for she was an orphan, alone in the world, and kept herself on her slender earnings as a schoolmistress.

"Three or four sons of members of the firm were in the business, so that I, being without capital, had little or no chance of ever attaining to a partnership. There were, of course, men with much larger salaries than my own, but they were older by twenty years, and waiting for dead men's shoes was bad work. I plainly saw that marriage was for me out of the question as long as I staid with Marston & Co. Accordingly, when I was about six-and-twenty, and had saved close upon a hundred pounds, I went to the head of the firm, and explained my case. I told him I felt, as far as the business and the treatment I received went, perfectly satisfied but that I was anxious to push my fortune so that I might settle in life. Old Mr. Marston was extremely kind. He told me they were greatly pleased with me, and that they would do anything in reason rather than let me go. But that certain infrangible conditions of promotion existed that I could not be put over the heads of my seniors, and that altho' he was willing to increase my salary to the utmost limit—consistent with my services—he could not on any account overstep the limit. I explained that the increase he offered would not meet my views, and that I had determined to leave as soon as a substitute for me was supplied.

"Mr. Marston then asked me what I proposed doing. I remember, as tho' it was but yesterday, the mixture of

pride and humiliation I felt when I told him that I intended starting in business for myself.

"May I ask," he said, "what business you propose starting in?"

"Something the same as I have been at," I said, feeling still more uncomfortable.

"Oh!" he cried, with a smile, "you are going to be a rival of ours?"

"No, no," I hastened to say. "I intended buying and selling on commission, and I wish to know, sir, if I may count on you as one of my patrons."

"You may count on me," he said, cordially, "doing all for you I may fairly do." Young Bayliss, he added, gravely, if you want a hundred or two you have but to say the word. You can pay me back just as you please.

"I thanked him most sincerely, and told him that for my present purposes I wanted little or no capital, except just what would keep me going until I had got my scheme into operation.

"And, he said, 'may I ask what exactly is your scheme?'"

"Well, sir," I said, "I imagine I am a good judge of fancy logs—"

"So they tell me, so they tell me," said he, "and that is the reason we are sorry to lose you."

"And my notion is, that if I go about here and there I may be able to find logs which the owners want to sell and which my judgment tells me are good value for the money asked. And, sir, when I asked you to help me with your patronage I meant that, supposing I came across a piece of timber which I believed would cut up well, would you buy upon my judgment and so put the commission for the sale in my way?"

"A very good idea for you, indeed," said the old man. A very good notion, indeed. I understand you have made no mistakes up to this, and I have no doubt that we shall be able to do a good deal with you. Of course you know all things of that kind must be done thro' Mr. Watkins, the master of the yard."

"I have already spoken to Mr. Watkins, sir, and he says that, with your permission, he will be glad to help me."

"In a month I left Marston & Co., and found myself free to do as I pleased, and with about £80 in my pocket. It so happened that the first day of my liberty, and the first day of the Easter vacation, were the same. I thought that after ten years close application to business, I owed myself a little holiday, and therefore I went to Jane and told her I had determined to do nothing until the vacation was over. I often look back to those first days of independence, and think that in them began the great happiness and prosperity which has seemed to increase, hour by hour ever since.

"When Jane's school reopened I went to work with all the vigor of hope and determination. For the first year I sold to Mr. Marston several pieces which turned out to his satisfaction, but at the end of the twelve months my financial position had not improved. I had made no more money than if I had remained in the yard. I felt sobered but not discouraged. I was seven and twenty, Jane two and twenty, and I thought it time we married, but I could not conscientiously ask her to share my small and now uncertain income, and I had determined from the beginning that she should give up school teaching when she became my wife.

"At the time the art of veneering was perhaps at its height, and for the benefit of any one here who knows nothing of that art I may say that it consists simply of covering what I call base wood with what I may call precious wood. Logs of mahogany, walnut, satinwood, rosewood, and so on, are cut into thin leaves about the eighth of an inch thick and glued down on base wood. In the process of cutting half the wood is lost; but supposing an inch thickness is required, you can have, at the expense of a quarter of an inch of mahogany and seven-eighths of an inch of common wood what seems to be inch mahogany. Quarter of an inch and seven-eighths of an inch would be, of course, an inch and an eighth, but the odd eighth flies from the circular saw in mahogany sawdust.

"It was in selecting logs which might be profitably cut into veneer I attracted attention at Marston's yard. It was on my judgment in this matter I started in life on my own account. My plan was simple. I wandered from yard to yard, spying out likely-

looking pieces and bringing news of them to manufacturers.

"In the course of my wanderings I naturally came into contact with men employed in nearly every wholesale timber yard in London. Among these was a working man, named John Fraser, who had always struck me as one possessed of a shrewd knowledge of timber. As with me, he could give no reasons for the conclusions at which he arrived. He simply said: 'I like it,' or 'I don't.' 'Buy it' or 'Let it alone.' 'I think it will turn out well,' or 'I am sure it is no good.'

"I cannot explain how it was, but I felt drawn toward this man Fraser, and whenever I went to where he was employed I made it a point to meet him and have a chat. It will not seem like boasting on my part if I say I was a better judge of logs than he. It is the simple truth. In my experience he rarely hesitated, and was, I may say, never wrong. He was not often astray, but on many occasions he would decline to give an opinion any way, merely saying the thing was beyond him.

"One wet, dull, miserable forenoon in February I went into the yard where Fraser was employed. I had nothing to do that day. I knew that no fresh consignment had reached that yard since my last visit. I felt depressed, discouraged. The present year had not opened even as well for me as the former one. I began to think Jane and I would have indeed very long to wait before we could start, ever so modestly, our little home. I found Fraser sitting idly on some square Quebec timber. Because of his judgment in logs Fraser was allowed great latitude in laziness. In fact he was retained almost wholly for the purpose of appraising unsold wood. He was in a peculiarly morose and taciturn humor. I could get nothing out of him but negatives: 'It was not a nice day. There was no news. Nothing had arrived since I was there last: It did not seem as if the seasons were now as they had been long ago.' Two large timber firms had not been able to pay their way and were bankrupt: 'There was no knowing but that his own firm was in a bad way. It was now pretty sure that the end of the world could not be far off. He had no faith in his own judgment of logs, and he began to doubt mine.

"At last he said to me, 'I know there isn't a better judge of stuff in the rough than you, altho' you are a young man, but wait till you come to my years and may be you'll fancy your own opinion less.'

"Perhaps I may," said I; "but so far as I have gone I have never made a very bad guess yet."

"Aye, aye, aye—youth is ever overbold. When I was your age may be I too thought I couldn't be taken in. But 'tis wonderful how we lose courage as we grow old. You give an opinion twice as readily as I who have had five times your experience. Tell me," he cried with sudden animation, "were you ever downright beaten by a log yet?"

"Never," I answered, with a laugh. "I daresay I have not been long enough at the business."

"Would you like to be beaten?" he said, getting up, and infusing what was for him a great deal of animation into his movements.

"If you've got anything in stock you think will beat me," I said, "let me see it."

"Come," he said, defiantly, and without another word he led the way to a remote corner of the yard where I had never been before.

"I followed in silence. In a couple of minutes we stood opposite a piece of mahogany.

"Eighteen feet by three feet," he said. "What do you make of it?"

"I looked long and narrowly. There was absolutely no indication of promise in the wood, and yet I felt an uneasy desire to come by that log in some way or another. Not only was there no appearance of promise, but it looked uncouth, ungainly, and uncertain. A superficial glance would induce any average buyer to pass it over. However it was, the longer I looked the less I liked to leave it there. Something drew me toward it, but whether it was the fascination of attraction or the fascination of repulsion which charmed me to the spot, I could not decide.

"Do you know the price they are asking for it?" I said.

"Three hundred," he answered laconically.

"I'll go and see Mr. Watkins about it."

"Yes," he said in a jealous tone. "But what do you think of it?"

"I really don't know," I said, in perplexity.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed in triumph. "I told you I'd show you something beyond you. Why, that log has been in stock these six years, and no one will look at it."

"I'll bring Mr. Watkins this very day, I answered, and in a few minutes was out of the yard.

"That afternoon the manager of Marston & Co. and I went back to Fraser.

"Well," said the manager, 'Bayliss, I thought you had some gumption until now. Why, it wouldn't pay for the saw. I wouldn't take a gift of it. I wouldn't pay the carriage of it to our place. It's a regular weed.'

"I own I was greatly discouraged, but I was more disturbed than discouraged. I could not get out of my mind that there was some secret hidden in that log. I lay awake half the night thinking of it. When I slept I dreamed that Marston & Co. bought it on my recommendation, that it turned out badly, and that my old employers told me they would have nothing further to do with me and bade me good bye forever. Next morning, when I awoke, I was still more unsettled in my mind than I had been the previous evening. I need not say that I attached no importance to my dream. But still my dream helped me to one determination. I resolved not to urge the purchase of the mahogany upon Marston & Co. Then, after long and careful thought, I made up my mind as to the course I should adopt. I went to the city and sought my old employer. I said to him:

"When I was leaving you, sir, more than a year ago, you were kind enough to say you would lend me one or two hundred pounds if I wanted it to start me in business. If you have the same confidence in me now as you had then, I would feel very much obliged to you indeed for a loan of the money."

"The old man pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and looked at me for a moment in silence. 'Bayliss, I have just the same confidence in you as ever. You can have the money, with pleasure.' Then reading just his spectacles, he continued:

"To show how much I trust you, and believe in you, I will not even ask you what you intend doing with the money. Wait a moment." He took out a check book, filled a check up for £200, and handed it to me.

"My eyes filled with tears of gratitude at the kindly act of this good old man, and for a moment or two I could not trust myself to speak. As soon as I was somewhat sure of the steadiness of my voice I said, 'I cannot thank you sufficiently, sir. I will not try. I hope you may never be sorry for this, and I hope you may never be ashamed of me.'

"I am sure I shall not, my dear Bayliss; I am sure I shall not," he said, with generous good nature.

"It is only fair, sir, that I should now tell you," I said, "that I want this money for my first speculation. I intend buying a log with it and some of my own savings."

"Ah!" he laughed, "I told you it would come to your rivaling us in the end. Now that you have told me so much, tell me a little more. Why are not we to buy this log?"

"Because, sir, it is the only one in my experience I ever was doubtful about, and I could not think of allowing you, after all your kindness to me, to run any risk. And now, sir, I have to ask you for an additional favor. Will you allow that log to be cut for me in your yard?"

"Mr. Marston said he would be happy to do so, and I went away with a sense of heavy responsibility and gratitude too deep for words.

"That day I bought the unpromising piece of timber for two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and the next day it was in Marston's yard, in front of the great circular eighteen-foot saw.

"Watkins could scarcely restrain his laughter and I really believe that, but for the sake of old friendship, he would have treated me with open scorn. But at the bottom of his rough nature there was a good deal of kindness which he took great care to conceal, so that after the first surprise at my purchase he tried rather to encourage than depress me, and said that perhaps the log would not prove so badly as he had supposed."

"And you know," he said, "in any case we shall be able to let you have half your money for the stuff when it is cut up. However queer it may turn out, we

can either work it up ourselves or sell it."

"At last the great saw was started, and Watkins and I stood by to watch the result. The first and second leaf came off, and discovered nothing but a dark center line running down the whole length. The third showed a thickening and blurring of this line. The fourth was broader and still more blurred. The same characteristic appeared increased in the fifth. The sixth and seventh revealed the markings broadening and assuming something like a definite shape. At the eighth the grain took a sharper outline. We were now two inches into the wood.

"Two sixty-five you gave for it," said Watkins. "Come, I don't like to see you lose your money. That is, half of it, I mean. I'll give you two hundred for the log."

"I shook my head and said, 'No. Go on.' I felt excited. My misgivings were fading away, and I began to have a tremulous anticipation of triumph. We went on for another inch. Now there could be no doubt. A regular pattern was gradually unfolding itself.

"I'll give you three hundred for it," said Watkins.

"No," I cried. "I'll keep my luck, good or bad."

"At that time I felt my future was in the balance. If, as we went on, the pattern now indicated increased, the leaves would be worth a small fortune. As it was, and supposing the pattern did not develop, the wood was of much more value than the money I had given for it.

"At this point some one called Watkins away, and he did not return until six inches had been cut into leaves. I was now in a state of tumultuous excitement. Not only had what I may call the design expanded and taken sharper outline, but there could be no longer any doubt that the bulk was, in my regard, a benignant freak of nature. For it revealed what, in lieu of any other way of expressing it, I may call a decorative treatment of the acanthus leaf. This appeared in about three-fourths of the entire length of the grain, beginning about an eighth from one end and ending about an eighth from the other.

"What do you think of it now?" I cried triumphantly to Watkins.

"It's wonderful," he said. "It's the finest thing of the kind I ever saw. Come, I'll give you twice what you paid. What do you say? It isn't every day you get a chance of making two hundred and sixty-five pounds on one transaction."

"I'll keep my luck," I cried. I'll keep it, however it may turn out."

"Watkins once more went away. I was in too great a fever of excitement to heed his action, but afterward I learned that he then sent a messenger for Mr. Marston. In a short time the old man came briskly into the yard.

"So, young Bayliss," I hear you have had a wonderful stroke of luck with that log. Oh! he cried, enthusiastically, 'tis a beauty! Upon my life it is a beauty! Will you sell it as it stands?"

"I shook my head. "Mr. Watkins has been good enough," I answered, to offer me five hundred and thirty, double what I gave for it, but I'd rather not take the money, sir, if you don't mind."

"Pooh!" cried the old man, "I'll make it seven hundred and fifty. Eh? Will you take seven hundred and fifty?"

"By this time we had got a third thro', and leaf by leaf the pattern had grown in diameter and richness in design. For a moment I wavered. Here was a chance of making four hundred and eighty-five pounds without any risk whatever. Yet still I was loth to part with that log. I said to myself after a moment's struggle, 'Sink or swim, I will keep it.' Then aloud: 'As soon as it is all cut you shall have it, if you like, at what you may consider a fair price.'

"I will not trouble you with any further details beyond telling you that cutting after cutting added to the value of my purchase, and that by the time the great saw passed thro' that wood finally Mr. Marston had said to me: 'It is worth every penny of fifteen hundred pounds, and you can have fifteen hundred pounds for it if that will satisfy you.'

"I closed with the old man there and then, hurried out of the yard, and, taking a cab, drove straight with the news to Jane.

"That was the beginning of my good fortune. The next and greatest good luck that came to me was my wife. Since we were married we have prospered beyond my most ar-

dent hopes of the olden time. I have always regarded that mahogany log as the basis of my fortune, the foundation of my success. It has helped me to the building of this house, which out of gratitude to it I have called the Log Hut. You may have observed that among the presents which kind friends have poured in upon Kate, my daughter, on this occasion, there was none from me. I have kept this story until now in order to give point to my wedding gift. The carriage is at the door, but before the young people set out, accompanied by the good wishes of all, I think it only right they should know that the present I intend for them upon the occasion of their marriage is the Log Hut of Clapham."

—The Cornhill Magazine.

POOR VANDERBILT.

Liverpool Record.—The particulars of Vanderbilt's wealth, which have lately given by the daily papers, are extremely interesting. In January, 1883, he told an intimate friend who dined with him one day that he was worth \$194,000,000. "I believe I am," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "the richest man in the world. In England the duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him 2 per cent. A year from now I shall be worth more than \$200,000,000, and will have an income equal to 6 per cent. on that amount." Vanderbilt can take life comparatively easy on an income of \$12,000,000 a year, and watch his wealth pile up without any effort of his. From his government bonds he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, \$3,364,300; from his miscellaneous securities, \$575,655, or \$10,342,045 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him \$28,334.25. Every hour sees him \$1,180.59 richer, and every minute \$18.67 added to his hoard. Besides this, he calculates to make \$2,000,000 every year by fortunate sales. In response to all this information, what are impecunious people to do to prevent them from envying so rich a man? The best they can do is to pity the unhappy millionaire. He cannot fancy he is in paradise when he is taking a three-penny ride in a steamboat to New Brighton, or making one of eighteen occupants in a third class compartment of a slow and dirty railway carriage bound for the Aintree race course. Poor fellow! He must always travel first class, eat before he is hungry, never wear a suit of clothes or a pair of boots often enough to get fond of them; and let him work as hard as he will, he cannot spend his money as fast as other people earn it for him. He cannot be as happy as a lord "for fornication." Impecunious reader, fancy that you would not change places with him if you could. You may possibly fancy this if, like little Marchioness, when she was sipping nectar distilled from orange peel, you imagine very hard.

A Magnificent Mast.

A magnificent mast has been sent from Verona to the agricultural department of the Turin exhibition. The trees grew in the woods of Cadore, and five other majestic pines had to be hewn down before the one destined for the mast could be removed. When the lower branches had been cut off this fine tree-trunk was divided into two pieces, the bottom part measuring more than 120 feet, and the top part, still adorned with its green branches, 18 feet. The weight of the tree, after being thus prepared was 41 cwt. On examining the base it was found that part was 205 years old, while the summit was only 83 years old. The mast was dragged from the forest to the station on two wagons, drawn by eight horses, and the whole of it took up seven railway trucks. Three days were employed in the transport by rail, as the special train could only travel by daylight, proceeding very slowly on account of the curves, and had to stop continually, not being able to pass another train. The mast is slender in comparison to its height, being 65 centimeters at the base and 25 at the summit. The stem preserves an equal width up to the height of about 90 feet, after which it diminishes rapidly. Including the expense of transport, the mast will cost more than £50.—Naples Cor. London Daily News.

A wife in New York whose husband awaited her in London, wired him: "Shall I sail on the Atlantic?" He answered: "Better come on the Erie Canal."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.00. If not paid within six months, \$15.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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The rumor comes from Trenton, N. J., that all the deaf-mute officers and teachers connected with the State School have been discharged. The cause for this wholesale slaughter is not exactly known at present, but we hear from good authority that it was brought about by the meddling propensities of one of the deaf-mutes, who was not satisfied with the duties pertaining to one position, but wished to regulate the duties of the matron also. If such is really the cause, it is a wholesome lesson to the meddler, and we hope it will be heeded. But it is a great injustice to sacrifice all for the faults of one. Supposing one of the hearing and speaking officers or teachers had caused trouble in a like manner, would it follow that all the hearing and speaking employees should be dismissed, in order to expiate the transgressions of one of their number? We think not. Deaf-mutes have the misfortune to be judged not by their individual actions as separated from other deaf-mutes, but the actions of one are often set down to demonstrate the inherent characteristics of all the rest. The dispositions and characters of the deaf and dumb are as varied as those who hear and speak. If one deaf-mute is uneducated and incapable, it does not follow that all the rest are the same. That one deaf-mute is prone to interference with other people's business, is no proof that other deaf-mutes will do likewise. In the case of Prof. R. B. Lloyd, we know that his retirement will be a great loss to the deaf-mutes who may attend the New Jersey School, and we trust that the decision of the Trustees may be reconsidered. Mr. Lloyd is not only an able and experienced instructor of the deaf and dumb, but is a highly educated, liberal minded and intelligent gentleman.

OUR readers will see, in another column of this issue, an interesting letter about the deaf-mutes of Japan. Miss Ballagh corrects the impression that seems to have gone abroad, that her mission in Japan is one of education only. She is using her utmost endeavors to promulgate the Christian religion among the deaf and dumb of that benighted land. Her efforts are directed towards the establishment of Christian schools. Secular knowledge might be promoted through the influence of the Japanese Ambassador at Washington, but the true enlightenment that tells of the redeeming power of the blessed Saviour, which points the way to eternal life, is withheld from them, and without foreign assistance, it will never be theirs. Miss Ballagh's life is consecrated to a noble purpose, and deserves both sympathy and support.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Marion, Ind., asks:

"Do you think the medicine Brahmo Yan would do me any good. I am mute—always was. I sent \$10 for an audiphone. It is no good to me. I am most anxious to get anything that will help me to hear."

We would advise our seemingly credulous correspondent to consult a physician in the matter. We have never heard of the "Brahmo Yan," and nowadays hear very little about the audiphone. There are so very many patent medicines advertised to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, that any gullible deaf-mute can find promises of restoration of hearing in almost any country newspaper. Nevertheless, the fact remains that no reports of miraculous cures have come to our knowledge, the "Brahmo Yan" to the contrary notwithstanding. It is far better to take the word of a reputable physician than to place ever so little faith in the ingenious farrago whose mission is so mighty but examples are so few.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

The Manhattan Literary Association Picnic has been given up.

Harry M. Powell has gone to Boston on a visit. He expects to return to Elizabeth, N. J., on July 12th.

W. D. Hinrod, of Erie, Erie Co., Pa., is clerking for his father, who is in the pig-iron and coal business.

Christopher C. Nemer, of Circleville, O., expects to attend the Cincinnati deaf-mute picnic, on July 17th.

Jacob Alexander, a graduate of the 44th Street Institution, has opened an art studio on Sixth Avenue. He is doing well.

Joseph Cummings, formerly of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Columbus, O., was in Ellensburg, O., on June 28th. He made a call on Dr. I. Holyoak.

Isadore L. Strauss has opened a shoe shop in Uniontown, Ala. He is doing as well as can be expected for a newcomer, and hopes to work up a good fall trade.

Mr. Henry Stewart Stevenson, of Philadelphia, found five thousand dollars (\$5,000) and returned it to the owner. Mr. Stevenson received three dollars as a reward for finding it. Small sums are better than nothing.

Mr. Morrison Heady has lately completed a life of Columbus, and written to thirty publishers in regard to the publication of the book. When that matter is off his mind, he proposes to begin another literary task, the nature of which he has not yet decided to his friends. He is now visiting in Louisville, Ky.

Cyrus H. Boren, of Milton, Ind., is one of the early graduates of the North Carolina School. He is a carpenter and owns a nice house and lot. He and Miss Boren entertained, very hospitably, a number of mutes during the picnic. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Miss Jennie Karnes, of Hartford, Conn., were among the others at the reunion.

A wedding took place at the residence of Washington Carr, in Dayton, O., on the 17th of June, the contracting parties being Hattie, a speaking daughter of Washington Carr, to Fred Hoffman, Washington Carr was a pupil of the Columbus Institution in 1849, also Hattie, the bride's mother, was educated there in 1848. Her maiden name was Ada Smith.

President Siler of the Clero Literary Association, of Philadelphia, Ex-President Lipsett of the Clero Literary Association and Chirological Lyceum, Ex-Treasurer Sharrar of the Lyceum, Ex-President Wilson of the Lyceum, Ex-Secretary Turner of the Lyceum, Ex-Secretary S. Stevenson of the Lyceum, Messrs. Bruthi, Bacharach and McMonigle of the Lyceum, and Ex-Vice-President Lewis of the Lyceum, are expecting to attend the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Society's picnic on the 26th of July. Washington Houston is glad to hear of it, and hopes they will enjoy themselves immensely. Mr. Houston may also go.

On the 23rd instant, Rev. Job Turner left Austin, Tex., for San Antonio, under a very hot sun, as soon as he had heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Charles Groesbeck, the deaf-mute gentleman who married Miss Mollie Sykes, in Ayerden, Miss, last month. Immediately after his arrival, he went to see him as a minister, and found him better. He had a pleasant hour or two with him and his bride. He left the next morning and reached St. Louis, Mo., Saturday, June 28th. He proceeded to Stanton, Va., on Monday, the 30th, in good health and fine spirits under the smiles of Heaven. He did not preach in St. Louis, on Sunday, for several reasons.

Rev. Messrs. Dicknell and Mann conducted two combined services at Milton, Indiana, and one at Cambridge City, two miles distant, on Sunday, June 29th, at the following hours: 10:30 A.M., 2:30 and 8 P.M. At the last service, two deaf-mutes were baptized by Mr. Mann, and three confirmed by Bishop Knickerbocker. Thirty deaf-mutes were present at the re-union, all enjoying themselves very much. A feature of the 2:30 P.M. service was the rendition of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by four young ladies from the Indianapolis School—Misses Thornburg, Könn, and Hernady. At the same time, it was sung by the vast congregation. Among those present was Mr. Abraham Haskin, one of the very early pupils of the Pennsylvania School at Philadelphia, whose age is nearly 70 years. He has retired from active business, and lives on a comfortable income. Another was Mr. John F. Mansfield, one of the early pupils of the Ohio and Indiana Schools. He, too, is spending the remaining years of his life in rest and quiet, and has a comfortable income.

Butler's Bad Break.

Ben. Butler was standing in the corridor of the Capitol when a deaf and dumb boy accidentally stepped on the widdler's corn. Butler was at once thrown into a passion and cursed the boy roundly, who, of course, at once related his experience to every deaf-mute he came in contact with. Shortly after that a teacher of deaf-mutes was introduced to Butler, and took the occasion to inquire what his opinion of deaf-mutes was. "Deaf h—l," said Butler angrily, "I think they are half-men!" From that day the story went out. It was passed over the country by hand, as it were, in the sign language. The deaf-mute papers, of which there are several in every State, took up the story and passed it along, and at this date we don't believe there is a deaf-mute living who is not acquainted with the tale. Inasmuch as there are some 10,000 deaf-mutes able to vote in this country, and every one of them hates Butler now like poison, the size of the gay widow's bad break will be appreciated. The moral of the little story, which is strictly true, seems to be to hold your temper when your corns are trod upon.—*Pittsburg Journal*.

Miss Sattie C. Howard has gone to South Orange, N. J., where she will spend the summer.

Charles A. Smith, of Troy, N. Y., was declared champion of a bowling alley in Albany, which he patronized on the 4th of July.

A deaf-mute base ball nine, of Brooklyn, styling itself the "Young Bostons," met and vanquished a club of hearing boys on July 4th.

KISMET.

Lip-reading is not altogether a novelty. It came in with our first parents, and will probably disappear when the last immortal "shah" assumes his immortality." The exhibition of lip-reading given by a deaf-mute lady in this city was certainly a wonder in its way. But in her case the motion of the lips was reflected in a shadow on the wall. The style of lip-reading which first attracted the notice of the human race was the flowery union of tulips. This charming style of soul interpretation has been constantly practised by young and even middle-aged persons ever since. The alphabet is simple, and the system has been compared to a sermon containing two heads and an application. Lip-reading of this variety can only be efficiently practised in loneliness and quiet with as little light as possible.—*Morning Journal*.

Her Deaf and Dumb Uncle Beat Her.

A child's screams, mingling with the noise of the storm, aroused Mary Reis of 199 Bleeker street at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. She awoke another occupant of the house, and they went up to the room whence the screams came. Mattie Green, a pale 7-year-old girl, ran out of a room into Mrs. Reis's arms. A tall, thickest man, with dark features, stood in the doorway gesticulating and brandishing a stick. He was the girl's uncle, John McCune, a deaf-mute. He glared at Mrs. Reis as she picked up the little girl and carried her down stairs. Mrs. Reis visited McCune half an hour later accompanied by Policeman Kelly, who arrested McCune for intoxication.

At Jefferson Market yesterday McCune was arraigned for beating his niece. The little girl was barefooted, and several large bruises were plainly visible on her legs. Her pale, but pretty face was a frightened look as she glanced toward her uncle. Mrs. Reis said that Mattie's father and mother were dead, and that she lived with her uncle. He frequently beat her. The uncle wrote on a piece of paper that he had beaten her, as alleged in the complaint, with a stick. He was held.—*N. Y. Sun, July 7*.

Deafness and Blindness.

There is a popular game, if it can be called a game in which the players torment themselves with questions, such as, What is your favorite poem? and, Who would you like to be if you were not yourself? Some inquisitive young women collected a number of sketches of their acquaintances in that way. One of the customary questions is, Would you rather be blind or deaf?

Whether moved thereby by some inquirer of this species we do not know, but M. Gonnod, the composer, has just been publishing a letter in which he says that he would "a thousand times rather be deaf than blind," and argues in favor of the preference that blindness deprives the victim of more enjoyment than the other infirmity. The late Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who perhaps had a larger experience in training the blind and the deaf than any other person in our country, was of the contrary opinion. He used to say that he would "a thousand times rather be blind than deaf," and founded his argument on the softening influence of blindness upon character by compelling trustfulness, whereas deaf persons are proverbially suspicious toward their associates.

In a Presidential year in this country, however, M. Gonnod is certainly right. Deafness is better than blindness in such a year. It is impossible to believe that Dr. Howe gave his opinion during a Presidential canvass.

From Japan.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, JUNE 5, 1884.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Many thanks for the copies of the JOURNAL lately received, and the kind interest shown in my plans.

I wish to correct an impression which has been received by "Harry Fielding" at least, in the JOURNAL of May 1st, 1884.

I have not influenced citizens of Tokyo in my project, nor have I asked subscriptions from either natives or foreigners.

I said in my paper: "Some Japanese gentlemen have lately (several years since) become interested in, and liberally contributed to the erection of a handsome building in Tokyo for the instruction of the deaf, dumb and blind." In this school in Tokyo there are six deaf-mutes, and at times twelve. They have only a native instructor who has had no special training for the purpose, and who can be expected to succeed no better than he does.

In Kyoto there is a private school, the teacher being an ingenious, though uneducated man. Of course no religious training is given in either place.

Please notice the last sentence. The vital feature of enlightenment, happiness and true progress, is withheld from the pupils of these institutions.

I do not complain that the Japanese are doing nothing for this class, but that Christians are doing so little.

The Japanese are doing as much as can be expected in the present condition of the people. In this, as in most things, the nation takes the shell and not the kernel of Western civilization.

The only way to reach the immortal soul of the mutes is through a Christian school. Such a school would not be founded, and probably not supported by Japanese authorities, and certainly not by the ambassador.

An Atheistic school might, but will it be worth while to urge such a step? I am glad to see the subject discussed in your columns.

Please accept my hearty thanks for past favors, and the kindness shown to my relatives at the New York Institution.

The following may be of interest, it is taken from the *Jiji Shimpō*:

"There are 615 deaf-mutes, 2,108 blind, and 289 deaf persons, living in the Capital."

The Kiyoto school is said to have 194 pupils. I do not know how many are deaf-mutes.

Yours very truly,
CHARIE E. BALLAGH.

DEAF-MUTES HAVING FUN.

The Various Sports they Enjoy.

DANCING TO THE BEAT OF WAVES IN THE AIR.

Taking to Boating, Base Ball and Fishing.

(From the New York Sun.)

With an energy which seemed unnecessary as a contribution to the pleasure of the performance, a stout man was pounding a big bass drum in an orchestra at one end of a long dancing pavilion overlooking the East River opposite the upper end of Blackwell's Island, while the floor was occupied by the spinning couples keeping time to the music. The movement was in waltz time, and the manipulator of the drum started at the beginning and played right through to the end. His drumstick accented the first beat of each measure with as much earnestness as though the success of the entertainment depended on the drummer, with the incidental support of the other instruments. It turned out that this was the fact. It was a deaf-mutes' picnic. The question that naturally arose in the reporter's mind was why a band should be employed at all to amuse persons totally deaf. He watched the movements of the waltzers. They revolved in perfect time to the music, and their bodies swayed rhythmically. There was no denying that they enjoyed the sport immensely; but how did they manage to step in time to the music? On chairs placed in a row around the edge of the dancing floor for the use of pleasure party when at rest were a few deaf mutes looking on the performance with pleased interest. A conversation on writing pads was begun between one of them.

"Yes," the deaf man wrote in an answer to a question, "to hearing people it must seem unaccountable that we hire a band and that we like to dance. How do we do it? Well, first the step has to be learned. Usually it is picked up from watching others dance. As to the music, while the deaf-mute cannot, of course, hear it, yet he can feel it. Deprived of the sense of hearing, I think all the other senses are made more susceptible. Have you noticed, by the way, that the bass drum is a conspicuous instrument in our band?"

The reporter wrote in reply that the bass drummer ought to have a gold medal for the meritorious discharge of his duty, and the deaf man nodded and resumed his writing.

"You see, he continued, 'the drumstick striking the sheepskin drum head sets air waves in motion. You hear do not feel them, because your attention is directed away from them toward the sound. The dancers, however, feel on their persons, and especially on their faces as they whirl around, a distinct though slight pulsation with every beat on the drum. Besides this, there is with very easy whack given the drum a slight jar communicated to the floor, and which tells the dancers when they are stepping out of time. Owing to this constant attention to the time we keep better time than hearing dancers. There are now on the floor some hearing people, and you can not see any difference between their waltzing and that of the deaf-mutes."

"The two functions on which social life depends are those which we lack," he wrote. "You can not conceive the loneliness we endure until we are educated to communicate by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet and to read and write. Signs with which uneducated deaf-mutes express their thoughts are unsatisfactory. Take, for instance, the idea of redness. An uneducated mute expresses it by placing a finger on his lips. To indicate heaven, the eyes are directed upward. If he wishes to refer to any article of human use, he must describe it by indicating its use, or shaping his hands to resemble it, or in some such way. To bring to mind the actions, the deaf-mute must imitate them. In fact, it has many times been noticed by travellers that the signs with which savage tribes communicate, are similar to those of uneducated deaf-mutes. If you have watched them, you have, I dare say, been puzzled to make out what they were driving at. It is the same way if you see them again and again. In fact, you must be in daily intercourse with them to learn their peculiar language. Now, what I am getting at in this roundabout way is to get you to understand how slight are our opportunities for pleasure compared with yours. If any one plays, his faculties must not be hampered. They must unite in harmonious action. Yet, at the outset, we are met by the misfortune of being cut off from two of the quickest avenues of the most refined pleasure, speaking and hearing. Yet, it must be remembered that, while life is such a serious business, amusement is just as necessary for us as for hearing persons."

Contrary to our expectations the sky, on the Fourth, presented a cloudy and threatening appearance, which, together with the remarkable quietness that prevailed throughout the day, had not the least resemblance of the "glorious day" of a hundred years ago, and later on, at noon, the threat became effectual by a couple of refreshing showers, which rendered the remainder of the day till nightfall all the more pleasant. The interval between the noon and evening formed the most pleasant part of the day, it being clear, cool and pleasant.

The law prohibiting the display of all kinds of fireworks was strictly enforced here. Hence the tranquil day. The chief attractions were the manicardens, rivers, excursions and our famous Park. Besides there was a great exodus of pleasure-seekers from the city, in which deaf-mutes, also joined. A number took an early morning train for Reading to attend the picnic there, while a few doubtless had their fancy directed to the seashore; but the majority, we believe, were captivated by the fascinations of Fairmount Park.

It naturally strikes us with wonder that the Clero Literary Association, which recently boasted of being the only society that has a colored member enrolled in the United States, in fact, we add, in the world, and of being a "model society," should fail to advertise its picnic. As an advertisement is confined in as an authoritative statement, it is highly important to the success of a movement. And therefore we see no reason why the Clero Literary Association should not advertise its picnic. We know when and where the picnic will take place, but besides that scarcely anything else, and thus we are obliged to attend it in a state of uncertainty, much to the discredit of the association. We just learned that a general meeting, at which the details of the picnic were given, was recently held, but not having been aware of it, we did not attend, and there are probably many others like us.

in newspaper offices, wood workers, such as carpenters, cabinetmakers, and wood carvers; iron foundrymen, shoemakers, tailors, copyists, Custom House clerks, and photographers. In the clock manufactory in Ansonia are many deaf-mutes. In the great cotton mills in Biddeford, Me., are scores. The proprietor of the silverware manufactory company in Tarrytown employs a great many deaf-mutes. In the Bible House in this city women who are deaf-mutes stitch the backs of books in the bookbinder. In all these places the working hours are long and the hours of recreation short. Whenever an opportunity occurs for assembling together, these deaf-mutes take advantage of it. They are very clannish. Few stand aloof, and these have wealth. They are not so much exclusive as they are strange and unaccustomed to the society of those similarly afflicted. They are entertained in their homes with cards, whist, backgammon, dominoes, chess and checkers. They drive in the Park a great deal.

"For the amusement of the greater number of deaf-mutes, their first impulse is to form literary societies for reading, recitation, and debate. They take the keenest delight in debates. Excitement runs high over such questions as 'Is the pen mightier than the sword?' and 'Who was the greater, Washington or Napoleon?' Leaving abstract questions, when they approach executive matters the amount of heat and electricity evolved is astonishing when you learn what it is they are doing. They are pugnacious and irrepresible to a degree. Eyes flash and feet are stamped on the floor to impress a point. From their repression I presume their excitement is the greater. They are very determined in carrying a point, a good deal opinionated, and intelligent, their faculties having been brightened by the effort to escape from their terrible loneliness.

In mixed society there is a good deal of flirting among the boys and girls. In telegraphing with the eyes, deaf-mutes can give points to hearing people. Then social parties are often made up, beginning with a dinner or tea, and winding up with a dance or cards.

"In the way of shows there is only one which deaf-mutes can enjoy, and that is pantomime. Some are adepts as performers, and as for the spectators, you may easily imagine how they enjoy and appreciate it. They usually invent their own pantomimes. In out-of-door sports boys prefer base ball. They do not have the fun of howling at the umpire, but that functionary has to keep his eyes about him. Arms are gesticulating and fingers twirling in a dozen directions at once.

"Many young men are fond of boating, but they have to go away into secluded places lest they be run down by large craft whose approach they could not hear. Fishing is a favorite pursuit. In fact, in the country it is about the only fun a deaf-mute farmer can get. In regions where trout can be had by brook fishing, fun enough can be had to almost compensate one for being deaf. At least I think so, for I am fond of the sport."

The strains of the orchestra and the booming of the drum ceased. The deaf-mute added: "I've given you an outline of our amusements. As we began with the drum, we will conclude with the same useful instrument. It is used not only in our amusement, but in study. If you will visit our institution you will see the students warned that it is time for morning prayers, not by a bell, but by a solo performance on a bass drum."

A Batch of Philadelphia Sandwiches.

Contrary to our expectations the sky, on the Fourth, presented a cloudy and threatening appearance, which, together with the remarkable quietness that prevailed throughout the day, had not the least resemblance of the "glorious day" of a hundred years ago, and later on, at noon, the threat became effectual by a couple of refreshing showers, which rendered the remainder of the day till nightfall all the more pleasant. The interval between the noon and evening formed the most pleasant part of the day, it being clear, cool and pleasant.

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The coming State Convention bids fair to be a success. The Committee have almost completed the arrangements. They will be printed and distributed as soon as possible. We already believe that the second convention will surpass the first one by far. As the affair occurs only once in three years, every deaf-mute should take advantage of the facilities offered this time, for it may be a long time before another such opportunity to visit the city will be given.

Mr. John Deise, a former graduate of the Institute here, who for the past few years had learned his bread in Colorado, is now in our midst again, and we find him as hearty as ever. He speaks well of his Western State, but says he intends to remain East now. His sojourn in this city will be brief—for two weeks only—when he will return to his old place in North Central Pennsylvania.

We happened to be present when the result of the examinations of the pupils was commenced by Vice-Principal Cronter, and were pleased to note the progress made. Several boys and girls received an average of one hundred, while a number passed creditably. After the exercises, Prof. Cronter made some encouraging remarks to the whole school.

Mr. Wm. Lee, the Supervisor of the boys, began his vacation trip last Wednesday. He has chosen various distinctions.

"Hieronymus," will say his "good-bye" to us on Monday, the 7th inst. He longs for the honor of treading on New England soil, and we hope his wish will be fully gratified, not only that one, but also another reasonable one which his heart desired.

With "Violet" gone, we will miss much of her bright and newsy correspondence, unless she continues it at home.

"Bella L.—" is still in the city, and intends to remain till after the picnic. Meanwhile, she courts the lonely hours with her needle.

LAST SANDWICH.

SERIOUS ASSAULT.

A DEAF AND DUMB MAN, DANGEROUSLY WOUNDS A FELLOW-WORKMAN.

About 11 o'clock this morning, an assault was committed in the Oxnard sugar refinery, at No. 78 Purchase street, which, it is feared will be attended with a fatal result. John Kelly, 30 years of age, living at No. 16 C street, South Boston, is the victim, and now lies in the city Hospital in a precarious condition. He went to work in the refinery this morning for the first time. His assailant is a deaf and dumb man, and for the past 12 years has been employed as a cooper in the manufactory. The latter was at work heading up barrels at the hour mentioned, and one barrel not being quite full, he made a sign to Kelly to put in more sugar. The latter did so, and the shovel which he used accidentally, it is alleged, struck the cooper on the hand, causing one finger, which had been injured before, to bleed. He became enraged, it is further alleged, and struck Kelly a terrible blow in the pit of the stomach with the blunt end of a tool which he was using, and also dealt him a very heavy blow on the face with a piece of the barrel cover. Kelly was carried to the hospital, and it was an hour or more before the police were notified.

Two officers of station was sent to investigate the case, and an Italian, who was said to be the only witness of the assault, was called into the office of the superintendent of the refinery, and by him, in the presence of the officers, questioned as to the facts. He said that when the cooper called for more sugar Kelly injured his hand with the shovel, but the cooper did not become angry at all. A moment afterward the cooper found that the head he was trying to put in the barrel would not fit, so he caught hold of it and threw it away, and it accidentally struck Kelly in the face. The officers returned to the station and made a report to the effect that the injury to Kelly was purely accidental, and that there was no occasion for an arrest. Subsequently, upon being assured that the injury was serious, the City Hospital was communicated with by telephone, and after considerable delay, the department learned that Kelly's condition was dangerous. Capt. Wilkins at once ordered the cooper's arrest. When first taken to the hospital Kelly was delirious, but soon after he had been examined by the surgeons he recovered consciousness and then said he had been assaulted by a fellow workman, whose name he did not know. Shortly before 3 o'clock this afternoon Officers Courtney and Jenks conducted the alleged assailant to the station, where he was locked up. His name is Thomas Evans, and he gave as his residence No. 10 Webster avenue, off Webster street, East Boston. He made the statement by signs and in writing that he struck Kelly on the head with the barrel cover, but he did not mean to do it, and the allegation that he struck him anywhere else or with any other instrument, he denied emphatically. Evans is 53 years of age. The superintendent of that sugar refinery says that he is a man of good character, and that during the time he has been employed by him he was never known to do any body an injury.—*The Boston Herald*, June 28.

On the 22d ult., John A. Trundle, of Germantown, Md., was thrown from a colt, his foot caught in the stirrup, and was dragged a short distance. Luckily for himself, he held on to the bridle, which prevented the colt from doing him serious injury.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE National Democratic Convention is now in session at Chicago.

GENERAL IGLESIA has resigned the Presidency of Peru, and a general election is ordered.

The city of New York has increased its valuation over sixty million dollars, during the last year.

DIVERS are employed in destroying the star-fish that spoil the oyster beds around Long Island.

CONGRESS adjourned on July 7th. Out of eleven thousand bills introduced during the session, only three hundred became law.

THE report of the receiver of the Marine Bank of New York, shows that concern to have nearly two million dollars of bad and doubtful claims.

THE President vetoed the Fitz John Porter bill, on the ground of unconstitutionality. The veto was overruled in the House, but failed to pass in the Senate.

A CHINESE gambling den in Philadelphia, was raided on Monday last. Over forty arrests were made. They were found smoking opium and playing "lo-o."

FRANCE demands from China two hundred and fifty million francs, as war indemnity. Admiral Courbet is instructed to seize Foucheng Arsenal as security for the amount of the indemnity.

On July 7th, Captain John Traynor started on a journey across the Atlantic in a boat seventeen feet long, having only oars to propel it. He has a dog for a companion. He expects to get across in one hundred days. The venture is made to demonstrate the life-saving qualities of his boat.

It is probable that the immigration this year will be about 50,000 less than during last year, according to the statistics of arrivals at Castle Garden for the first six months of 1884, ending with the 1st instant. Up to that date, the arrivals this year were 192,171, as against 236,305 for the same period last year.

In the course of three or four weeks an electric light of 24,000 candle-power will illuminate all the dangerous portion of the Hill Gate approach to New York City. The light is in some measure an experiment, and if it proves a success, as the Light House Board have every reason to expect, a move to place a similar one on Governor's Island will be made.

It is reported that 12,000 Arabs attacked and captured Debbeh by assault, killing 3000 of the garrison and inhabitants. The Mahdi has also captured Khartoum. There was no massacre. It is stated that the place was taken without difficulty during the latter part of May. Most of the Europeans and Mahomedans: Among those who did not escape were General Gordon, who is quite safe and allowed the freedom of the Mahdi's camp. The Mahdi himself is at Khartoum. The Europeans are well treated.

MIGUEL SUAREZ, Consul General of Spain, states officially that the statement purporting to be a correct synopsis of the report of the majority of the five commissioners sent from Spain to Havana is absolutely false. He declares that Spain has no idea of giving up Cuba, either to Germany or to any other Power. He says further that the commission is not intrusted with the consideration of the advisability of a sale of the island, and that the statements have been given out for private and malicious ends.

A SCHEME to rob the New York Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company of \$100,000 by means of counterfeit tickets, which had been perfected and put in full working order, was exposed and broken up last week by Central Office detectives, who arrested the three principals in the conspiracy and seized many thousands of the spurious tickets, together with the press and lithographic plates on which the counterfeit tickets had been printed. The prisoners, when confronted with the evidence of their guilt, broke down and made a full confession to Inspector Byrnes, which implicated about forty employees of the several branches of the "L" road.

THE schedules of U. S. Grant, Ferdinand Ward, U. S. Grant, Jr., and James D. Fish, comprising the firm of Grant & Ward, were filed in the Court of Common Pleas by Julian T. Davies, the assignee of the firm. The schedules show liabilities of nearly \$17,000,000, assets of only about \$87,000. The exact figures are:—Liabilities, \$17,792,647.73; nominal assets, \$27,138,095.56; actual assets, \$64,174.30. The assignee makes an explanatory statement accompanying the schedules, from which it appears that what with complicated transactions and confused and incomplete records, the assignee of the firm the assignee has been unable to make a complete and satisfactory statement of the firm's affairs.

THE Asiatic Cholera still prevails at Toulon and Marseilles, and has caused a panic in those two cities, the inhabitants fleeing and evading the sanitary laws wherever possible. The daily papers of July 4th, said that three cases of the cholera existed in Paris, but this was denied by the health officers, who are taking every precaution against the introduction of the disease. It is claimed that a remedy for the disease is the inhaling of pure oxygen.

A cable dispatch from Paris to the New York Herald, dated July 7th, says:—"

COLUMBUS.

NO MORE BASE BALL ON SUNDAY.

A Flower that Blooms at Midnight.

BASE BALL AND OTHER NOTES.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

News did not boom at all at the Institution during the week. It was transferred to the city proper, where all good people were rejoicing over the decision of the Court which held Sunday base ball playing a breach of the peace, and therefore an indictable offense. And the Directors of the Columbus Base Ball Club, in view of such decision by the Court, have ordered that no more games be played on Sunday in Columbus.

Superintendent Pratt was attending the Alumni of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., last week. But for being strongly invited, he wouldn't have gone there.

For several evenings last week the Conservatory was illumined and thronged with the invited public, who had come to witness the unfolding of a beautiful night-blooming cereus, which event, however, did not take place Wednesday evening. It was full of interest. There are eleven more cereuses to follow in its wake, some early and others later during this month.

We had the pleasure of a greeting from Dr. Finch, last trustee, but now Superintendent of the Insane Asylum across the river, who called at the Institution to see Steward Williams last week Monday afternoon.

Everybody felt desirous to see our absent Superintendent on Monday morning, June 30th, to offer their congratulations upon the arrival of a wee thing of a boy in his family, which now makes his home an interesting circle of four children—one girl and three boys.

A marriage license published in the Sunday News of last week let out the whole secret, which proved to be a genuine surprise, that Prof. Park Terrell, teacher at this Institution, and Miss Rowena King of this city, have ere this been united in the holy bonds of matrimony. May theirs be a happy one in the voyage of life.

The applications of new pupils are pouring in for admission, as well as of other people for positions. The former will get in easily, as there is room, while the latter will have to turn away for want of place.

How do you do, little Warren Perry? And the echo answers from Santa Barbara, and growing finely, you bet!

It seems incredulous that five thousand people attended the deaf-mute gathering at Milton, Indiana, last week, but a dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says such was the number. Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, O., was the eloquent gesticulator.

Ryn, of the Portsmouth base ball team, played within error in right field, and made a home run at Hamilton, O., on Tuesday week.

Dundon will in all probability be given a chance to pitch in a game when the Athletics of Philadelphia come here. They will be here this week. We have no doubt that he will do himself proud on that occasion.

The Metropolitans, of New York City, with the great Keefe in the pitcher's box, gave Columbus a very close tussle in the race after the flying pennant. We were present at all the games, except the Sunday one, which was the first game to begin with, and it resulted in the triumph of the New Yorkers by a score of 4 to 3.

The second game, stopped by the rain after the first half of the seventh inning had been played by the Mets, was a victory for Columbus by the same close score, 4 to 3. In the third and last game, the Metropolitans being first sent to the bat presented Keefe for the third time, but his arm gave way after pitching only two balls, and Lynch took his place, with whom our boys had a picnic time, and concluded the game with a beautiful present of a nest of eggs. Score stood Columbus 7, and the Metropolitans 0.

The fourth of July was a very dull day at the Institution, everybody, with one or two exceptions being away. In the evening, however, there were stirring times, a magnificent display of explosives, contributed by those rich boys, Dundon, Scott and Pratt. An audience of forty graced the occasion. One of the laughable incidents was an explosive being placed slyly behind Swords sitting on the stone railing. A terrible explosion ensued, and when the din and smoke cleaning away Swords was standing bolt up, more scared than hurt.

Of all the base ball pitchers we have seen pitch at Recreation park since the opening of the season, Keefe of the Metropolitans moves in the box with a grace perfect and most manly.

Miss Eva Smith, visitors' attendant of this Institution, has returned from a two weeks visit to Newark. Ditto, Miss Williamson from Dayton, where she had a most pleasant time among her relatives.

Thanks, Mr. O. Vance, for the kind invitation to attend the Fifth Grand Picnic given by the Anderson Deaf-Mute Society at the Bellevue House, Cincinnati, on Thursday, July 17th, 1884. We will be present in spirit if not body.

Dr. Scott, trustee, was at the Institution in the morning of the Fourth, and attended the horse race in the afternoon.

Miss Tacy E. Hall is home in Barnesville, O., for three months.

The "Ramblin'" still lingers in Columbus, and by virtue of a temporary position at the Institution, is likely to remain through the summer.

The mutes of this city formed quite a little phalanx in the vast audience of 6000 people that attended the base ball game between Columbus and Baltimore on Independence Day. All felt good in seeing the Buckeyes vanquish the Marylanders by a score of 3 to 1.

John Hackleman, the deaf-mute whose arrest was reported in the Cincinnati Enquirer's Hagerstown, Md., special, of June 27th, another dispatch says, is the same vagabond who recently served out a term at Conner'sville, Ind., for the theft of a coat, and who escaped heavier punishment through sympathy of the jury.

W. H. Gibson, of this city, has moved and taken a house on Ninth Avenue, between Broad and Oak Streets, which change of residence brings the family quite near the Institution.

Prof. Stewart, of this School, has been away ten days, four of which he spent at Waynesville, at the home of Mr. Brown, the publisher of the Miami Gazette. Mr. B. is a deaf gentleman, converses by the fingers, though he does not understand one sign of our language, and finds the loss of hearing a great disadvantage and drawback in the dispatch of his business. Though he does a great deal of articulation every day, it is still unsatisfactory outside his own family.

The black deaf-mute, Hurley, put in appearance upon the grounds of the Institution last week.

Mr. Klein, of Chillicothe, was probably the out-of-town visitor at the Institution on the Fourth of July.

Cleaning, repairing and painting are the chief features noticed within the Institution house now-a-days. They will probably double the force of help soon, as there is a great deal to be done.

"The day we celebrate" passed off in the city in the fashion of a lawn fete at Goodale Park, a horse race at the Old Fair Grounds and a first class base ball game at Recreation Park, the latter drawing the biggest crowd.

Miss Emma Grigsby, daughter of our gardener, H. W. Grigsby, has been to Prospect, O., returning the other day after a week's visit among friends there.

"Col. DeMoine," the Iowa correspondent of the JOURNAL, corrects his former statement about a big Indian chief's deaf and dumb daughters, Mary and Retta Revels, being at school here. He says they attended a private school at Xenia, O. "Col. DeMoine" had misunderstood the Indian, and we trust the Colonel will be more careful in the future.

Messrs. Rose and Swords, of the Institution, who had planned a Fourth of July excursion to Lakeside, had to yield gracefully to the elements and stay home. It rained steadily all the morning.

Three more cereuses bloomed, all at one time, at the green house last Saturday evening, and a stream of neighbors flowed in and out until late in the night.

An amicable settlement of the vexed question of Sunday base ball playing, has been effected in Columbus without a resort to the courts. The Directors very sensibly and wisely agreed to forego it hereafter. Since then, the attendance at Recreation Park has visibly increased on the week days.

Mrs. Mary Willing has resumed work in the book bindery, and also the pupil, Bolton, who left for home a few days ago, is back again.

There is now not one pupil left at the Institution, the two last little ones having been taken charge of by their friends.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield at church last Sunday, and received a good greeting from them. They were looking very fresh.

Mr. King, of the bookbindery, tried his skill as a rower upon the Scioto River, on Independence Day, and now considers himself a good deal of an athlete.

We attended the second game played between Columbus and Baltimore last Saturday afternoon. The former was invincible, and clinched the game with a home run, thus making the score stand 4 to 2. In the second, as well as in the first, it was mainly a pitcher's battle, the outfielders doing very little. The Baltimoreans have gone west, but will stop here again while on their way east, to play their third game.

Our Superintendent, Mr. Pratt returned from the East last Saturday evening. He started for Fairbault, Minn., on Monday last.

For once pen and brush go hand in hand. Mr. L. D. Waite, who clerks in our county recorder's office, and who, as "Delos," has often lit up the columns of the Vis-a-Vis with his thrilling pen, was beautifying the residence of Prof. Patterson—the latter part of it—with a paint brush the other day.

The Columbus Journal of Monday, July 7th, had these two items; Orr, the heavy batter of the Mets, hit McGinnis of St. Louis for two home runs in one game on the Fourth. Dundon isn't the only pitcher that Orr can bat.

Ryn, the mute who formerly caught Dundon, had a finger broken in a game at Ironton Saturday.

Prof. C. N. Haskins' father is dead, and was buried the latter part of last week.

The Columbus club will play in Dayton, Hamilton and Piqua, on July 17th, 18th and 19th. In those ex-

hibition games, Dundon will appear in the pitcher's box. Let the deaf mutes in those cities turn out and give the terrible Dundon a rousing greeting on the base ball grounds.

Dr. W. Q. Scott, who was unjustly deposed from the presidency of the State University of Columbus a year or so since, has been offered, and accepted that of the Phillips College, of New Hampshire, from which America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster, graduated, at a salary of \$3,000.

Miss A. B. Chidester, articulation teacher, is summering in Dobbs's Ferry, N. Y.

Ohio's long beloved superintendent, G. O. Fay, will in all probability take in Columbus, on his return trip from the conventions in Minnesota and Wisconsin. What a royal ovation he would receive if the hundreds of his Ohio children were here then.

NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN.

Another open Letter.

The remarks made by your correspondent under the nom de plume of "Interested" in reference to the responsibility resting upon the shoulders of teachers in general, and superintendents or principals in particular, for the unsatisfactory progress of the pupils in their efforts to master the plain, every-day use of language, merit attention from friends of the deaf and dumb every where, but it is difficult to see where the blame really lies, except perhaps in the selection of teachers. A teacher must be gifted with strong personal influence over his pupils indeed to be able to impart a greater degree of instruction to them than the average deaf-mute is usually possessed of, as he will be obliged to use not a little moral force in order to make his pupils think for themselves. Not until the habit of thinking independently is forced upon the pupils, will they ever attain any considerable proficiency in language.

Teachers fresh from Yale or Harvard, well versed in Latin or Greek, rarely understand this secret of success in deaf-mute instruction. Add to this their indifferent knowledge of the sign-language, and they are the poorest teachers of the deaf and dumb to be found any where. They may possess a commendable degree of patience, though I suspect it is masked only upon earning their magnificent salaries, but they perform their duties in a mere mechanical manner without attempting to bring out the reflective faculties of the pupils. That such teachers are common, it is true, I regret to say, as it can be verified by actual observation in all the institutions. That there are a few notable exceptions to this rule, I affirm with pleasure, but they are very few.

There is a class of better teachers who understand thoroughly the workings of the deaf-mutes' minds, are enthusiastic and persevering in their attempts to enlighten the darkened intellects in their charge. They, as a rule, are the most successful teachers, because fitted to their work by one touch of Nature which makes them kin to their pupils. Although the best of teachers, they are the most underpaid and the least appreciated. I refer to semi-mute teachers. The employment of intelligent members of the same class as teachers should be more generally made, as it has been clearly shown in the history of every institution that semi-mutes are the best teachers. The day will in all probability come when the management of institutions and the training of deaf-mute children will be entrusted wholly to deaf-mute superintendents and teachers of approved ability. Certainly stranger things than that have happened and will happen again. The numerous and increasing class of semi-mutes claim the work of teaching their own class as their peculiar field, regarding in the light of usurpers those high-salaried hearing teachers, who ought to be able, with the aid of all their faculties, to engage in other profitable occupations, from many of which the mutes are excluded by reason of their infirmity. It must be confessed that there is some justice in the latter plea against the hearing professors. In so far as the superintendent or principal disregards the "eternal fitness" of things in Nature by giving the preference to untrained hearing men over semi-mutes of capable intelligence as teachers, he is responsible for the slow progress of the pupils. How can the hearing people be expected to understand the difficulties experienced by a deaf-mute in the acquisition of language? How can they teach what they do not understand? Further comment upon this topic is unnecessary. It is a self-evident truth that semi-mutes make the best teachers.

The relation of principal to pupils and graduates, was referred to by the writer quoted above, and this brings me to a second phase of the subject. The chief executive officer of an institution for the deaf and dumb exercises within his own sphere an influence for weal or woe upon the rising generation under his care, as absolute as that which the gardener exercises over the tender plants in his charge. According as the principal assiduously cultivates the moral and mental growth of the children, or neglects them, so will the immortal germs of human beings blossom out into perfect maturity, a blessing to others, or become warped, vicious members of society. The principles of sobriety industry, and, above all, that self-respect which would allow of no deviation from the rules of morality and religion, if early instilled in the mind at a time when it is the most susceptible of impressions, that

is, in the morning of life, will bear excellent fruit at maturity. That every institution is and has been doing good work in this direction, can plainly be seen on every hand. There are so few cases of depravity among the graduates—so few indeed as to call forth the remark of a prominent police official of a metropolitan city: "The deaf-mutes are the most law-abiding class of people I have ever had to deal with in my long career of official capacity. A case of theft among them is rare; burglary unknown; murder—I never heard of one committed by an educated deaf-mute; some instances of assault and battery have indeed come to my ears, but they have been so rare as almost to deserve no mention; drunkenness is not so general among them as other people." This speaks well of the institutions. Whatever else may be the defects of deaf-mute education, there is one thing to its credit. It makes them good, useful citizens, instead of non-producers in this busy world of workers. Whatever else the institutions have failed to do for the deaf-mutes, they, one and all, have succeeded well and honorably in the true aim of education to restore the young, untutored barbarians, destitute alike of moral responsibility and the fear of God, to society with clear conceptions as to their duties in life. This much is gained.

Men of science differ widely as to the exact period when the formation of character begins and becomes fixed for life. The foundation may be said to be laid during childhood, when the mind is slowly grasping at the ideas within its reach, and revolving them in the secret recesses of the mental chamber, forming impressions in that mysterious manner known only to the Great Architect of the Universe, but in due course of time, the impressions will be either obliterated or modified by later observations. Just when these mental impressions become settled for all years to come, it is difficult to say. Some phrenologists maintain that the age of five or six years is the period when character is irrevocably fixed, others date it later at ten or twelve years. Be that as it may, there can possibly be no doubt that the mind of an uneducated deaf-mute, to whom the world is as a sealed book, is formed in school at whatever age he enters it for the first time. With the early training of the mind and the moulding of character, the teacher has much to do, but his powers are circumscribed by the limits of his school-room and he merely leads where the Superintendent spurs with the goad of authority. I have in my mind one Superintendent who was a model of his kind, though it never was my good fortune to be personally acquainted with him. He took such a paternal interest in his pupils and graduates as to have fairly earned the title "Father of Deaf-Mutes."

A friend to the friendless, a sage counsellor in time of trouble, a stern but kind protector, he was looked up to by the graduates as one upon whom they could rely for aid or sympathy. He kept a watchful eye over them after leaving school, and gave them good advice in regard to saving money in the bank, buying a small homestead, and other matters of a personal nature. He obtained employment for some of them, and took much interest in their marriage affairs. Many of them came to him in search of a wife, and he married many of them. Before looking up a wife for them, he would make inquiries respecting their ability to support a wife, and if he was not satisfied with the pecuniary standing of the applicants, he would invariably advise them not to marry until they had enough to support a wife. He always took visiting graduates into his office, and made kindly inquiries as to their ways of living, praising the worthy, reproving the shiftless and bestowing sound advice upon all. None was so quick to take up the case of a wronged deaf-mute, and there were several instances when he wrote to the employer who had fraudulently cheated a poor deaf-mute out of his hard-earned wages, and forced the rich man to do justice to the poor man. Such a Superintendent could not but be venerated by his graduates, and their appreciation of him is shown by the efforts of those same graduates to erect a memorial in his honor. The respect due to the memory of such a man ought to be confined to his own graduates, but the whole class is equally indebted to him for his deep, beneficial influence which, like a ripple started upon the waters of the ocean, permeated the cause of deaf-mute education, and continues to do so to the present day.

Doubt not that every boy has a heart, some of them bad and stubborn if you will, but capable of the tenderest virtues when touched upon the right chord. Look at yonder locomotive, as it rushes down the track with the speed of lightning and the noise of thunder. Nothing can withstand its mighty force, but the huge monster has in its complex mechanism a heart, a little thing it is true, but powerful enough at the slightest pressure of a man's hand to bring the whole mass of iron panting and snorting to a standstill, as meek and docile as a lamb. By the same little lever, a boy can be guided whenever you will down the path of depravity or up the road of honesty and virtue. Whatever you do, never let go of your hold upon that little human lever which may yet move the world. Who understands the workings of that little lever as well as a deaf-mute teacher does, I would like to know. Besides, there is a natural sympathy between the pupils and teacher which is productive of much good.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

BROOKLYN.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY, AND HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT.

DEAR EDITOR:—Early in the morning the Fourth of July, and everybody wanted to know what kind of a day we would have. The sun was smiling early in the morning, but a small cloud slowly grew larger and larger, until the rain came down in torrents.

Most of those who went to Coney Island, were caught in the rain.

Messrs. Reynolds, Souweine, and several other mutes, attended the Newark, N. J., picnic.

Messrs. Juhring, McConville, Hoevel, Lounsbury, Clark and Brown, all of Brooklyn, went to a picnic at the Broadway Park. They had a very pleasant time.

Miss Emanuel expects to start for Westchester County, to spend her vacation, next week.

Miss Hannah Henry and her sister were seen on the Erie express train, which left Jersey City on Thursday morning. They were going to visit their parents in Sullivan County.

Mrs. Pownall expects to go to Albany with Mrs. Russell, to spend a vacation there.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhring had a nice social Saturday evening, at their residence. Those who were there, were Mr. and Mrs. Greiss, Miss Emanuel, Messrs. Reynolds, Green, Waters, Soper and Patterson. They had a very pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Greiss returned from from Bangor, Maine, last week, and reached home in time to spend the Fourth of July.

There was a large fire in this city. The Dugan Mills were burnt down, with a loss of \$7,500. Next to the mill was the establishment of Appleton & Co., where Miss Reed, Messrs. Clark, McConville and Hoevel work. They were damaged to the extent of \$15,000.

Mr. John Heinzmann and family have taken up their residence in Nebraska City, Neb., where he has a good situation.

A young woman entered Appleton & Co.'s a few days ago, giving her name as Raffe, or she may be known as Mrs. Davis, selling the deaf-mute alphabet cards. She did not succeed, and was seen going towards another factory.

Mr. Stengle is now spending his two-weeks' vacation with friends in Easton, Pa.

Mr. J. P. Ijams will go to Philadelphia in August, to attend the convention, and then will go to the country near Baltimore, to see some of his cousins.

Mr. Zimmerman, the fire tower man, is now in Troy, N. Y., where he has secured employment.

There was a Bible Class held by Mr. Cook, the President of the New York Iron Exchange, at the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church. A number of deaf-mutes attended.

G.

New York.

It is reported that Wm. Ennis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of the New York Institution High Class of '83, is now suffering from some pulmonary complaint. He has been unable to work for some time. For the past two weeks or so, he has been confined to bed.

Alex. L. Pach has gone to Ocean Grove.

Louis Riger, of New Haven, Ct., is spending a few days in the City of Churches.

A great many deaf mutes are expected at the Manhattan Literary Association picnic, all are cordially invited. Deaf mutes coming from a distance will receive every attention. For particulars, see advertisement in another column.

We had the pleasure of a visit to the "Sunny Croft Poultry Yards," of Yaphank, L. I., a couple of weeks ago. The proprietor, Gorham D. Abbott, entertained us most hospitably, showed us every description of fowl, from White Cochins to Yellow Leghorns. For the nonce, we were surrounded by hundreds of little chickens, which were so tame that they would perch on a person's hand and fearlessly peck at food held in the other. Mr. Abbott not only has a fine poultry yard, with all the improvements in incubators and other paraphernalia which go to facilitate chicken raising, but has as well a nicely cultivated farm, a few acres of pasturage and a couple of acres of timber that stretches to the banks of a beautiful stream. Mr. Abbott is concentrating his efforts upon the science of chicken raising, and has a study well filled with books on the subject, where he is wont to repair and delve into the mysteries of experimental poultry propagation. Gorham is well situated, has a charming and handsome helpmate, a ladylike sister, and a most devoted, silvery-haired mother, who is revered for her simple piety and loved for her gentle ways.

Mr. Abbott's country home is in the midst of beautiful surroundings, and as we looked back on departing and beheld the neat little cottage half-hidden by trees, the words of the poet almost involuntarily came to our mind: "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled Above the green elms, that a cottage was near." And I said: If there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

Notice.

Rev. Anson T. Colt will hold a service in signs at St. Ann's Church chapel, N. E. cor. Clinton and Livingston Sts., South Brooklyn, on Sunday, July 13th, at 3 p.m.

FANWOOD.

How the Jolly Fourth was spent.

RAINDROPS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Twenty-four boys and ten girls remain at the Institution during vacation. On the ever glorious Fourth these pupils' hearts were made happy by our Steward, who furnished them with a small sum of money, which they squandered for fire crackers and fireworks. Ice cream was served to all after dinner, and during the evening Miss Williams and Supervisor Stowell entertained the ladies by a display of fireworks in front of the piazza. The occupants of the house south-west of the Institution gave a grand pyrotechnic exhibition for over two hours, which was witnessed with great interest by those who were obliged to remain in doors on account of the rain. During the same evening, the four nieces of Miss Jane T. Meigs gave a musical entertainment at the Institution, to the officers.

Prof. E. H. Currier has gone to Newburyport, Mass. He will soon return, and on the 15th, accompanied by his wife, he will take a steamer for Catskill. From there he will drive across the country to Norwich.

Last Saturday, Messrs. J. F. O'Brien and cousin, J. P. Dohohue, T. W. Brown and T. I. Lounsbury visited the Institution, and with the printers and pupils formed two clubs, and had a game of baseball. The clubs were distinguished as "Tammany Braves" and "Blaine Men." The players were so wonderfully expert that nine runs were scored in the first inning by the former club. The umpire called the game after three innings, with "Tammany Braves" 13 runs, and the "Blaine Men" nine.

Several fire-balloons were seen passing over the Institution Saturday last, one of which fell into the river.

Miss Mitchell, it is said, will board outside of the Institution in the fall.

Peter Brede, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., spent the Fourth with the boys here, and enjoyed himself. He says cigar-making does not agree with his health.

Miss Julia Hamilton, of the Mansion House, will deftly ply the needle in the main building during a part of the vacation.

The class of '84 gave an ice cream party to the members of the Peet Literary Society on June 20th. Prof. Clarke was present, and gave some good advice to the class.

Dr. Peet attended the Conference of Institution Principals held at Fairbault, Minn., yesterday, and will also attend the National Conference at Madison, Wis., after which he will go to his farm in Dunkirk.

Prof. T. F. Fox left on Tuesday of last week, to spend his vacation with friends in Central New York.

Dr. Carson started for Geneva, N. Y., on the 3d. He expects to spend a pleasant vacation, and will probably return during the first week of August.

Steward Brainerd is head over ears in the soul-harassing duties of fitting the Institution for occupation in the fall. He has the general oversight of the masons, carpenters, painters, scrubbers and plumbers, and hopes before many weeks to have everything looking neat and new and orderly.

Mrs. Henry, our matron, has gone to her home in Virginia, where she proposes to recuperate until the middle of August. In her absence, Miss Prudence Lewis sways the sceptre of domestic sovereignty.

Mr. F. R. Stryker has severed his connection with the printing office, and gone to Gilboa, N. Y., for a month's vacation, after which he will swell the army of the knights of the stick and rule in a large printing establishment in New York City. Mr. Stryker learned his trade in the Institution printing office, and by studious attention and industry, has become quite expert and skillful in the "art preservative."

Mr. W. S. Crittenden is at present fishing and hunting in the Adirondacks.

The annual straw-bed-tick gymnastics are progressing finely, under the management of Supervisors Stowell and Timme.

Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., vice-president of the Board of Directors, sailed on the Alaska on Saturday last. He was accompanied by his two eldest daughters. They intend having a tour on the continent, and will be back in the autumn.

Prof. Weston Jenkins, Principal of the New Jersey Institution, passed the afternoon of the Fourth playing lawn tennis on Washington Heights. It was reported that he had resigned his position, but the rumor is contradicted. It is stated, however, that Prof. R. B. Lloyd, Miss S. C. Howard and Miss Anna C. Bryan are released from their connection with the School, the Trustees having adopted a resolution that no deaf-mutes shall hereafter hold office in the Institution. There is a whisper abroad that politics has something to do with this. We will wait and see.

Among the deaf-mutes who took occasion to visit the Institution last Sunday, were Herman Zorn, Hayes, the deaf-mute brother of George Morris, who remains at the School, and Charles Graham. Graham was a pu-

pil at Fanwood, is a hod carrier and lives on Seventh Avenue. He is a mulatto, and says he was wedded to a young woman of the same color a year ago.

Frank Jourdan attended the sign-service given by Rev. Mr. Colt, in Jersey City, last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Colt has been learning the sign-language for five weeks, and has succeeded so well that he can make himself understood tolerably well. It was his first service to deaf-mutes, and among the forty silent persons present were a good many graduates and a few pupils of Fanwood.

"Chip" forgot to mention, in his last letter, the contribution box that occupied a conspicuous place near the front door on commencement day. The idea sprang from the mind of Miss Prudence Lewis, and is designed to gather sufficient funds to purchase the necessary furniture for the proposed new home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The idea is a novel one, and Miss Lewis deserves much credit for originating it to help along such a worthy movement. She calls it the "Furniture Fund," and will be glad to receive contributions to further her worthy project.

Our cook was in the act of putting coal into the fire, last week, when her dress caught fire and she was quite badly burned about the arm and face. Terry, the kitchen man, hearing her cries, promptly appeared on the scene, and saved her from further injury.

Mr. Haar, the deaf-mute cigarmaker, now living on Washington Heights, climbed the printing office stairs, last Monday, leading by the hand his little brother.

Solomon H. Winne, of Kingston, N. Y., who left school a year or two ago—a little too early—will return again in the fall.

Miss Jennie Williams spent Saturday and a part of Sunday at her home in Newark, N. J.

Supervisor Stowell was the recipient of a little box of candies and currants from Dennis Sullivan last week.

While some hearing boys from the city were climbing cherry trees in front of Prof. Clarke's residence, one day last week, one of them fell to the ground and broke his arm. Four doctors and eight policemen were soon on the scene, and the boy was removed to a hospital. It is thought the arm will have to be amputated.

Prof. Clarke has been very busy at his house ever since school closed. He contemplates going to Catskill next week.

Theodore L. Lounsbury said grace at the supper table last Saturday.

All the printers were going to attend the excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, but were disappointed to find that the association had given it up.

Johnny Ingebrand's chubby form was seen about the Institution Tuesday.

Prof. Jones and family spent Wednesday at Coney Island.

EN QUAD.

Troy Picnic.

The Annual Picnic and Festival of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, will be held at Albion Grove, three miles from the City Hall, on Tuesday, July 22d.

The Congress street horse cars will run every half hour to the grove. You may find the picnic grove on the end of the horse car railroad, in Albion. Fare is twelve cents only. No ticket will be required at the grove, but all deaf-mutes are welcome.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and other ministers are expected to attend the picnic at the grove.

Everything has been arranged for the success of the picnic, such as boat rowing, swinging, shady walk, and various games will be provided. No anxiety is necessary for the weather, as a hotel is near the grove, where shelter can be obtained.

Mute Picnic in Cleveland.

A picnic was decided upon to be held at Rocky River, ten miles west of Cleveland, on Saturday, July 19th. The round trip fare on Niekke Plate R. R. is only twenty-five cents. The trains leave the depot, corner Cross Street and Broadway, at 7:45 a.m. and 1:35 p.m., and the last train leaves Rocky River at 8:30 o'clock p.m.

Rocky River is a beautiful place for picnics.

All the mutes far and near are invited to attend.

Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann will be in attendance.

About 300 mutes are expected to be present.

There will also be mute services held by Dr. Gallaudet, at Grace Church, on Sunday, July 20th. We hope to see a good attendance of the mutes of Cleveland and vicinity.

Committee:

J. PELTON,
J. WEBER, E. R. CARROLL,
CLEVELAND, July 5, '84.

Another Swindler.

The following is clipped from the Winchendon Advertiser, June 20th:

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THE TWO CLERKS.

In the spring of 1861, two young men came to New York from the same country village in search of employment. Their names were William Jones and Robert Davis; and my object in this article is to show how one of these young men has become a partner in one of the wealthiest and most prosperous firms in the city, having married the senior partner's daughter, and now lives in a splendid brown stone house in Twenty-seventh street, while the other is poor and friendless, having been discharged about a dozen times by different employers for improper conduct.

It is an undeniable fact that young men, just entering upon the active, business duties of life, hold their destinies, in a great measure, in their own hands. It is true that ability, integrity and assiduity do not always carry a young man on to fortune; but it is equally true that dishonesty and a lack of faithfulness to his employer's interest will result in the ruin of any young man, no matter what the other traits of his character may be.

On the arrival of Jones and Davis in New York, each having about \$50 in cash, Davis proposed that they should take board at a fashionable hotel; but Jones told him that it would be much better to lodge in a private boarding-house, at \$4 or \$5 a week, than to pay hotel rates, as it was expedient to be economical, and make their money go as far as possible. Having procured a suitable boarding-house, Davis was anxious to go to the theatre. "No," said Jones, "let us first find situations as clerks in wholesale stores, and then, if our salaries will afford it, we can occasionally go to theatres."

Every morning they examined the daily papers for situations, in almost every case of which from three hundred to five hundred applications were made, some actually beginning to be employed without any compensation for the first year! When their money was nearly exhausted, and no employment found, Jones remarked, "Davis, this won't do. We can't draw on our parents for any more funds, and situations somewhere we must have. As for myself, I'm bound to find one," and taking his hat, he left the house, leaving Davis smoking a ten-cent cigar with apparent indifference to his fate.

"Here is a magnificent dry goods store, seven stories high, and covering the entire block," said Jones to himself, "who knows but that I may get a situation here. If I don't try, I'm sure I'll not," so he walked in boldly. "Can I see the proprietor," said he. "There he is in the office; that gentleman on the right with bushy whiskers, replied a clerk.

"Sir," said Jones, "excuse me. I am looking for a situation in some good store. I am from the country, and I may be intruding myself upon you, sir, improperly."

"Take a seat," said Mr. Harcourt, the senior partner, eyeing Jones with a severe scrutiny.

"You're from the country? What can you do in such an establishment as this? We want young men with brains, active, intelligent, industrious, and of good moral habits."

"Try me, sir," said Jones.

"But we've been trying for the last two years, till we begin to think that all the honest, active, smart young men have disappeared. One runaway with money entrusted to him yesterday to deposit; and this morning we detected another in making false entries in our books, and defrauding us of some \$10,000. If we should employ you, how long would it be before you would take advantage of our confidence in you, and rob us as the two villains to whom I allude?"

This was severe language; but Jones, with principles that could stand any assault, replied:

"Sir, up to this hour I am not conscious of having wronged any person in the least. If you should employ me, your interest would be my interest; and in regard to my business qualifications, try me, sir, and you will never regret it."

Mr. Harcourt stepped aside to speak to one of his partners. "The young man has an intelligent, honest look; suppose we try him a few days."

"Yes, I think he looks all right," replied the partner.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Harcourt, "come here to-morrow morning and I'll give you a few days' trial."

"Jones was at the store the next morning as soon as it was opened. He had to wait a long time before Mr. Harcourt came down, as he lived far up town. When he came in he found Jones busy at a side desk writing.

"I am making out some bills, sir, your book-keeper allowed me to do, while waiting for instructions as to my duties."

Mr. Harcourt took up the bills. "Is this your writing, Mr. Jones?"

"It is, sir."

"It is a splendid hand. Finish the bills, and I'll see what branch of our business we'll set you at. Probably, at first, we shall want you to do a little of various things, till you are broken in so as to understand our business in a measure."

When Jones finished making out the bills, which was done in a style that astonished his employers, he came to Mr. Harcourt. "Sir," said he, "I have corrected two errors in the figures of the day-book from which I made the bills."

Mr. Harcourt took the day-book, and found that in one case the goods entered were carried out as \$100 less than they amounted to; and in the

other case 990 yards of cloth had been carried out for 900 only! He then turned to one of his partners, and remarked in an undertone, "This young man has made a good beginning. He has saved \$340 for us already that probably would have been overlooked by the other clerks who make out bills."

In less than a month Jones had gained the confidence of his employers to such a degree that they entrusted him with their bank deposits, which were often as high as \$500,000 in a day in cash, checks and drafts! One day another clerk, while at dinner with Jones, proposed to him to embezzle the proceeds of the bank-book, some day when the amount was heavy, and abscond together. "We can go to some foreign country," said the rascal, "and live like princes."

When Jones returned to the store, he asked Mr. Harcourt if he would allow him to speak with him privately. Jones then told him what the other clerk had proposed, who was immediately called up, confronted with him, and discharged in less than thirty minutes.

After Jones had been in the establishment about three years, and had so conducted himself that the firm considered his services invaluable, Mr. Harcourt, one day, at the season of the year when business was dull, had a consultation with his partner.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have a proposition to make in regard to Mr. Jones. You know his value to us. No young man ever excelled him in the qualifications that we desire as honest business men. I propose that we take him into the firm as a partner. I contemplate retiring before many years shall pass; and I desire to leave you prosperous, and with a firm that will ensure future prosperity. Mr. Jones will, probably, soon by my son-in-law; and I consider him every way worthy of our confidence. What say you, gentlemen, to the proposition?"

There were four other members of the firm, and they all assented to the proposition; and at the close of the year, when a new set of books were opened, William Jones was duly installed a partner in the business, with a prospective income of \$100,000 a year! In due time he married Mr. Harcourt's oldest daughter, and he now resides in a splendid mansion in Twenty-seventh street, a living example of the reward that follows faithfulness and integrity in those who assume the duties of clerks in our large wholesale stores.

Davis did not possess those sound, moral principles, without which no young man can expect business success in this world. He had associated with fast young men in the village where his parents resided. He usually had a cigar in his mouth, out of business hours, went to the theatre, or some other place, nearly every night in the week, and spent more than he earned, the surplus coming from his employers in various ways. After Jones got the situation above referred to, Davis strolled about the city till he had spent all the money he had, then borrowed \$5 of Jones to take him home, where he remained a few weeks, then returned to the city, and by chance got a situation in a respectable house, where among other duties, he was employed in collecting city bills. He had not been in the business over a week when, being short of money, he collected a small bill, put the money in his own empty wallet, and returned the bill unpaid, giving the customer a receipt to which he forged the signature of another clerk, who was also occasionally sent out to collect money due the firm.

A few days after this occurrence, the customer came into the store, and purchased more goods, and when the bill was handed to him, the proprietor remarked: "Mr. L., there is a small bill due us, I believe; suppose we put the two together, and you give us a bank note at 30 days?"

"I paid that bill last week to your collector," replied Mr. L. This brought about an investigation, and Davis was discharged, with the admonition that he ought to be indicted and sent to State prison for forging another clerk's name.

Davis soon got another situation, by denying that he had ever been employed in New York, when called upon for reference to his last employer. Here he was employed as assistant book-keeper, and handled part of the cash, which was often short from \$1 to \$5, when the cash book was balanced. At last his employer suspected him, set a trap to catch him, and found the marked bills in his pocket. An immediate discharge, of course, followed.

It is now ten years since Davis came to New York. He has been out of employment much of the time. Probably he has had clerkships in a dozen different stores during that time, and to-day he cannot obtain a recommendation of good character from one of his employers. He associates with young men of low character, spends his earnings at theatres, saloons, or gambling houses, and some times goes home intoxicated. The end of his career is thus fully foreshadowed, unless he reforms, which he probably will not do, because it has been found that ninety-nine in every hundred of such young men, after leading such lives for ten years, or longer, never change their habits for the better.

Here were two young men, equally well educated, having the same facilities to work themselves into good business positions; and behold the result. Jones a wealthy man at 28 years of age, member of one of the most respectable firms in New York, and married to a beautiful lady, who received \$100,

000 as her marriage portion from her father. The other, without a single friend to value him, removing from one firm to another, as his bad conduct may require, his earnings so small that he barely ekes out an existence, void of honor, and doomed soon to a premature grave, unhonored and unwept. Such is life in the great city of New York, where every young man, in a great degree, holds his destiny in his own hands.—Mexico Independent.

The Late Bad Boy.

"Say, what is this I hear about your pa and the new minister quarreling, and your pa ordering him out of the door, and his refusing to go, and hitting your pa in the ear?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up at his usual hour.

"Well, it was partly true, but it was all a joke," said the bad boy, as he looked out the door to see if his parent was in the vicinity. "You see, it was a new minister that came here to exchange works with our preacher. You know when they exchange works it is as good as a vacation, 'cause both ministers can preach an old sermon that has been laying around and got moth-eaten. The next day after the visiting preacher preached he came to our house to stay a day or two at ma's invitation. Pa hasn't been feeling very well lately, and ma said he wanted some excitement, and I thought of an old story I read once about some students at a theological seminary making two professors believe that each was deaf, and how they talked loud to each other, and I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers it would do at our house, so I told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see, I didn't lie; but ma went and told pa the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to yell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause I didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top of his head off. I brought the minister's satchel over from the house where he had been stopping, and he came along with me and I asked him how his voice was, and he said it was all right, and I told him he would have to use it if he talked with pa much. He asked me if pa was deaf, but I wouldn't lie, and all I said was if the minister would yell as loud as he did when he got excited in preaching pa would hear the most of what he said. Oh, he said he guessed he wouldn't have any trouble making pa hear. Well, I ushered him in the parlor, and they shook hands and I skipped up stairs, just as pa swelled out his chest and took a long breath and shouted 'Glad to see you!' Well, you'd a dide. It seemed as though his voice would knock the new minister's ear off, but the minister braced himself, inflated his lungs, and shouted, 'The happiness is mutual, I assure you,' and then they both coughed, 'cause I guess it strained their lungs some. Ma was leaning over the banisters, and when pa would roar at the minister ma would laugh, and when the minister would roar back at pa I would laugh. Pa seemed to think the minister talked loud, 'cause all deaf people talk loud, and the minister thought the same, and they was having it pretty loud, you bet! They talked about religion, and politics, and everything and pa mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, and the minister got red in the face; and finally pa told the minister he needn't yell loud enough to loosen the shingles, as he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and pa needn't yell like a maniac, and then pa said he was another, and the minister said pa was a worldly-minded son of Belial, and then ma she see it was time to stop it, and she went down stairs on a hop, skip and jump, and told them both that there was a mistake and that nobody was deaf, and then the minister said he understood from pa's little boy that his pa was hard of hearing, and pa sent for me but I was scarce. Don't you think a boy shows good sense, sometimes, in not being very plenty around when they yearn for him? Sometimes I am about as few as any of the boys. Well, there was no harm done, but pa and the minister have their opinion of each other.

What Saved Gen. Butler's Life.

"I do wish you would just nudge that wretch behind me, and make him stop snoring," said a fashionably dressed lady to the conductor of a Pullman car on the Eastern railroad. "Here we are beyond Portsmouth, and he has kept up a continual snore ever since we left Portland." Having thus relieved her mind, the lady shrugged her shoulders and settled back in her chair to make a fresh attempt to get interested in "But Yet a Woman."

"May be you don't know who he is," said the conductor in a faint voice.

"No, nor do I care," rejoined the lady.

"That gentleman, madam, is General Benjamin F. Butler," said the conductor.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed the astonished lady, in a voice so loud that it awoke the General. In less than three minutes, however, he was again sleeping and snoring, and he slept and snored until the train had passed Prison Point, within a mile of Boston station, where his darkey valet tapped him on the shoulder.

The general awoke as easily as he had fallen asleep, chafed a minute with his valet, and when the train pulled up in Boston, left it as fresh as a daisy. He had been on a flying visit to Auburn, Me., where he had appeared at a preliminary hearing in behalf of certain striking lasters who were held on a charge of inciting a riot. He was followed to and from the railroad depot in Auburn by several thousand people, many of whom cried, "Three cheers for Ben Butler, the next President of the United States!"

Talking to the writer one day, Gen. Butler declared his belief that he would have been dead years ago, but for the happy faculty he has long had of falling asleep at any hour of the day or night, and in almost any place.—New York Sun.

A Strange Use for the Telephone.

A police inspector at Odessa, says an English journal, whose name, Dobrijinsky, deserves in spite of its dissonance to be mentioned on account of his cleverness, has discovered a new use for the telephone. One day recently, a policeman brought to the station a Jew, having in his possession a quantity of silver believed to be stolen. The silver was in a semi-molten condition, and had none of its original features remaining to assist in its identification. Hence, as the Jew stoutly declared the metal to be his own property, the police inspector was put in a fix, from which all his cross-examination of the presumed thief failed to extricate him. At last a bright idea struck him. He went to the telephone in the adjoining room, and mentioning to the officials at the police master's office what had happened, instructed them to utter in solemn tones, on a signal being given, the words, "Itano Smeliansky, the Jew into the room, he pointed to the instrument on the wall, and told him that it really did not matter whether he divulged his crime or not, as the "machine" would do it for him. At this the Jew laughed outright, while the inspector placed a sheet of paper on the table and prepared to take down the confession. When everything was ready, he told the Jew to put the tube to his ear, and decide whether he would confess himself or allow the "machine" to do it for him. Then, giving the signal, he returned to the table, when a second or two later he had the satisfaction of seeing the Jew's face turn deadly pale at hearing the solemn advice mysteriously conveyed to him by the "machine," and of noting down a moment afterwards a penitent confession from the thief's own lips.

NORMAN HOUSE, OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

BEST ACCOMMODATION AND LOWEST RATES OF ANY HOTEL IN THE GROVE.

DELIGHTFULLY LOCATED NEAR THE BEACH, LAKES AND CAMP-GROUNDS.

For terms, write to Mrs. C. R. Priest, Lock Box 2147, Ocean Grove, N. J.

This hotel is the favorite one for the deaf, and every convenience will be found for them. The manual alphabet is used by all connected with the house. 28-12in

ATTENTION!

Owing to circumstances which can not be avoided, the Manhattan Literary Association is compelled to give up its Eighth Annual Excursion, to the deep regret of all concerned.

Money will be refunded to the holders of tickets; and members and others selling tickets for the Association, are hereby requested to return money only to the persons to whom they sold tickets.

Emil Basch, Adolph Ekardt, T. F. Driscoll.

SECOND SEASON

GRAND EXCURSION

OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY



BENEVOLENT UNION OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO

ROTON POINT GROVE,

ON THE SOUND

"BRIGHTON OF THE EAST."

Thursday, August 21, 1884.

Saloon Steamer "Crystal Stream."

Leaves West 17th Street at 8 A.M. East 23rd Street at 8:30 A.M. East 109th Street at 9 A.M.

MUSIC BY PROF. RICH E. SAUSE.

Tickets, adults, 50 cents each. Children under 12 years, 25 cents each.

Number of tickets limited, so as to avoid overcrowding.

Roton Point is on Long Island Sound, near Five Mile River, Conn., the Grove being close to the landing. Among the attractions are Surf and Still Water Bathing, there being a fine sandy beach the same as Coney Island and Rockaway, one hundred New Bathing Houses and New Bathing Suits, Sailboats and Row Boats and Excellent Fishing. Cool spring water in abundance. Tables for 2000 guests. Carrouzels and Croquet Swings. A large Dancing Pavilion, 60x100 feet, fronting the Sound, where there is always a cool and refreshing breeze. A Large Hotel, Restaurant and Pavilion, Ice Cream Saloon, Four Large Bowling Alleys, Photographic Gallery, Base Ball and Croquet Grounds, etc., etc. The trip to Roton Point by water is a delightful one, the scenery being Romantic and charming.

The Society reserves the right to refuse admission to all objectionable persons.

Tickets can be had at the JOURNAL office and from Members of the Union.

GRANDEST OF THE SEASON. COME ONE! COME ALL! No Postponement on Account of the Weather.

FIRST ANNUAL PICNIC (AND FESTIVAL) OF THE

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD AT

EULER'S FAMOUS BROADWAY PARK, BROOKLYN,

ON THE AFTERNOON & EVENING OF SATURDAY, JULY 26, '84.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Committee have spared no pains to make it a most enjoyable affair. Every thing that is necessary to the success of a first class picnic, such as dancing, athletic games, swinging, bowling alley, shooting gallery, merry-go-round, shady walks, refreshments, etc., will be provided.

A first class band will be in attendance to discourse choice selections of music.

There will be several contests in athletic games. Handsomely designed gold and silver medals will be awarded to the successful competitors. Any one wishing to enter the list as contestants, can do so by communicating with the Chairman of the Committee on Athletic Games, Alex. Deszendorf, 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, or No. 22 Fulton Street, New York City.

The following race will come off at 4 P.M. sharp:

Boy's Race, 440 yards run—Open to Deaf-mutes only.

Entrance fee, 50 cents. Entries will close on July 24th. A handsome silver medal will be given to the winner.

Tickets, - - - - 25 cts. Children under 12, - - Free.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 2.30 P.M.

The grounds can be reached from Fulton Ferry or the East River Bridge, by the Fulton Street via East New York cars. By the Grand St. and Williamsburg Ferries, by taking the Broadway via East New York cars.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS. HENRY L. JUBIN, Chairman. EDWARD MCINTYRE, ALEX. DESZENDORF, CHARLES E. GREEN, J. P. LAMM, HENRY HORTSEL, HENRY STENGLE.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Baltimore Deaf-Mute Association holds its meetings in rooms at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company Establishment, third floor, (entrance on Forrest St.) corner Gay and Forrest Sts. Regular meetings on every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., for business only. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited to come in at any time of the day. The officers of the association are: President, Jas. H. Mooney; Vice-President, Wm. McElroy; Secretary, A. B. Harris; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. J. Perogy; Treasurer, Harry J. Gill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert E. Underwood. The Secretary's address is 158 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md., where all communications relating to the association should be addressed.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tattle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Townall, President; Henry Stengle, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Thomas Godfrey, Secretary; Henry L. Jubling, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 31 Meeker Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, The Grady Secretary, Martin Aromohn. Divine services, first and second Sundays at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first and second Thursdays of each month. Address all communications to Martin Aromohn, No. 3 Monroe St., San Francisco, California.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M. in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Thursdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings, on the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P. O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturdays in each month, at 8 o'clock. Henry Barnes, President, and James K. T. Hord, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERGY LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clergy Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September. First Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Sifer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated in 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Thursday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. Thomas Conroy is President, and Edward Carr is Secretary.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club room. Officers: President, W. E. Guas; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Campbell. The Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest a friend of humanity and Christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are: President, P. W. Packard; President, James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 615 East 11th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named after Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in America, meets every other year in different parts of New England. The next gathering will be held in 1884, time and place to be determined by the Board, consisting of John T. Tillinghast, President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; State Managers, John W. Page, for Maine; Varian B. Wright, for New Hampshire; George A. Holmes, Massachusetts; Frank C. Tasker, Rhode Island; and William H. Weeks, Connecticut. Any further information can be obtained by addressing the President, John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., or the Secretary, John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

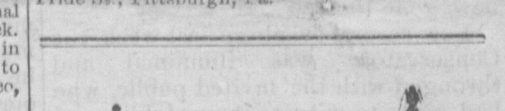
Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Clinton St. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougal; 2d Vice-President, Thomas K. Stewart; Treasurer, Willam Reisinger; General Secretary, Robert T. Bailey. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, R. T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a non-sectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith, W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Erie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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(Patent.)

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